

Good Morning 384

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards Shop Talk

"SOKOL" and "DZIK," two British-built U-class submarines of the Polish Navy, which have been outstandingly successful on Mediterranean patrols, have recently returned to a home port.

They are also known as the "terrible twins," because of their exploits. Of all the symbols on the "Sokol's" Jolly Roger, the crew are proudest of a white grille, commemorating an experience in Greek waters.

"Sokol" was caught in a net, and as the vessels in the harbour were within range, the commanding officer fired his torpedoes through the hole the submarine had made in the net. "Sokol" then succeeded in freeing herself.

When Italy capitulated, "Sokol" was the first Allied vessel to enter Brindisi harbour, I'm told. The British naval liaison officer, Lieut. G. G. Taylor, of London, went ashore with two Polish ratings to receive the Italian Admiral who had been in command of the port.

"The Italians could not do enough for us," said Lieut. Taylor. "To the north of us, at Bari, were the Germans, and the British troops to the south. The 'Sokol' had sole control of Brindisi for three and a half days, and we think we were the first representatives of the Allied Forces to make contact with the Badoglio Government."

"SOKOL," in English, means "falcon," but the most prominent figure on the carved crest in the wardroom is a sheep.

"The crew of the 'Sokol' were originally the crew of the Polish submarine 'Wilk,' the Polish for 'wolf,' explained a Polish navigator officer.

"Because of the Polish proverb, 'If all is to be well the wolf shall not go hungry and the sheep shall be unharmed,' our captain wished to call this submarine 'Sheep.' That was hardly a name for a fighting ship, however, so the Admiralty called the submarine 'Sokol,' meaning 'falcon,' but our crest of the sheep had already been hung in the wardroom, so we added the falcon later."

"Dzik" is Polish for "wild boar." This submarine is commanded by Lieut.-Commander "Bolko." He has the Polish V.M. and British D.S.C. On her first patrol from Malta, "Dzik" attacked a loaded tanker of about 7,000 tons and scored two torpedo hits.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/c Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



Lt.-Comdr. E. P. Young,
D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

"Dzik" has been adopted by March and district, Cambridgeshire.

SUMMARISING the diary of a submarine commander, I find my notes read:

Before the war he was a London publisher. He lived at Enfield. He was slightly built, not very tall, keen eyed, firm mouthed. His hobby and delight in the hours when he was not at business was yachting.

In 1940 he joined the R.N.V.R., and in the same year he volunteered for submarine service.

In 1943 came the news that he was the first R.N.V.R. officer to be appointed to command a submarine.

Last month he was mentioned in an Admiralty communiqué, with other submarine commanders, as having taken part in successful actions against the Japanese.

"The Submarine Service," he once said, "is much the same as yachting. Everyone lives on top of each other, and there is a matey atmosphere."

The name? Lieut.-Commander Edward Preston Young, D.S.C., R.N.V.R. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that the skipper is a credit to both trades.

YOUR Airgraph, Stoker Stone, was very much censored, though your request was left in, and the address has been added to the list for a near-future call.

I have already written to your sister to tell her we heard from you and that you are fighting-fit.

WE are flattered, Stoker Harry Wilson, that you should engage our services to attempt the previously unachieved.

So your wife steadfastly refuses to have a photograph taken, does she? Well, we shall see what the charm of our Durham correspondent can do. It's easy to imagine that you would like to have a photograph of her and the baby—we will do our best not to disappoint you. If we do get the picture, it certainly won't be any place but page one. Yes, sir, front-page news. Thanks also for the address of your messmate—we'll get

W. H. Millier answers A Big Factory SOS

THAT the old-timers of the ring are favourite topics of discussion wherever men forgather is fairly evident. In the midst of writing about Joe Beckett's vacillating career I was handed a letter from a shop steward of a big war plant somewhere in the North.

It requested an immediate reply, otherwise the writer feared there might be a riot of such magnitude that vital war supplies would probably be held up, to the great benefit of our enemies.

What was this momentous query? It had nothing to do with the war, or with Pay-As-You-Earn income tax. The match had been set to the gunpowder trail by an ancient fight fan, who had told his younger listeners in the factory that Joe Beckett had fought Tommy Burns, the REAL Tommy Burns, who had lost his world heavy-weight title to Jack Johnson.

The ensuing arguments had worked up to riotous proportions by the time the shop steward saw the need for sending out an SOS for information, which would settle the issue amicably.

It is to be hoped that the ancient fight-fan did not turn up too late for his shift as a result of celebrating the success of his wager. He was right.

Joe Beckett did fight Tommy Burns in the ring, and it was the same Tommy Burns who fought Jack Johnson; but by then he was a vastly different person to the champion who really started the big purse craze.

Beckett was fourteen years old when Burns fought Johnson in Australia, and, as Burns was supposed to have retired after losing his title you may be sure that young Joe never thought the day would come when he would meet this famous emperor of the ring in combat.

Burns never took kindly to retirement. He was a real fighter, and it must have been irksome to him to contemplate all the heavy-weights who were picking up tidy sums of money without having anything like his ability.

RETIRING OFTEN. He kicked his heels impatiently for some sixteen months after losing his title to Johnson, and then the urge to fight again became too much for him. He had a contest with Bill Lang, heavy-weight champion of Australia, and beat him on points over twenty rounds.

Another retirement, which lasted two and a half years, and he came back to fight Bill Rickard in Saskatoon, winning in six rounds.

He then started a search to find likely pupils, whom he could train to challenge Jack Johnson for the title, but he discovered that champions cannot be found, or made, to order.

The most promising of his pupils was Arthur Pelkey, a giant who failed to realise the hopes Burns had centred in him.

He made yet another appearance in the ring in 1913, but this

time he was only a shadow-boxer, and did all his work to the accompaniment of a gramophone—it was ragtime.

On the appointed date, the contest was staged at the Royal Albert Hall, and the "wise guys" were discredited by the size of the crowd.

Tommy had not made any miscalculation, that is to say on the score of his ability to attract the crowd, and he must have paid himself handsomely; ample reward, to be sure, for the sheer nerve in telling himself that he could make a successful come-back in his fortieth year.

But this was to be his final retirement, and I have wondered whether it was by accident or design that he chose, for his final bow as a fighter, the one place in the world, where so many famous prima-donnas have sung their last sobbing notes to an ecstatic public.

BEGAN TO SOFTEN. No. Second thoughts tell me that it could not have been by design. This Burns had no poetry in his soul, and, in any event, he had no thought, when he entered the ring against Beckett, that he would be compelled to quit for the first time in his career.

Burns was every inch a fighter, and game to the last degree. When he was taunted and battered by the much bigger Johnson, in that memorable encounter in Sydney, he knew that his chance was hopeless, but he refused to put out his hand in token of defeat. That fight was stopped in the fourteenth round by the police.

Against Beckett, the spirit was willing, but the flesh—too much of it—was weak, and in his mature years lay the wisdom of knowing when he was beaten.

He threw in his hand in the seventh round after trying his best to beat the much younger, stronger and more virile Beckett, but not before he had put up a very good show for a man of his years.

That war worker with the memory for fights was right, and, had he but known it, he could have doubled his wagers by surprising his hearers in saying that Beckett and Burns met again after their contest at the Royal Albert Hall; but, then, it is extremely unlikely that he could have known of the second meeting.

It was shortly after the victory over Burns that Beckett joined a merry gathering of boxers to board what used to be known as the "Pug's Special."

I must explain that when James White, former brick-layer's labourer, became a millionaire, he used to raise funds for the hospital of his native Rochdale by putting on a big boxing show and paying all expenses.

As he always paid handsomely and used to charter a special train, on which the luncheon served was lavish, he had no difficulty in getting all the champions to attend.

There were no half-measures with James White. He used to book the best rooms at the best hotels for his boxers, and it was at one of them that Burns and Beckett met again, this time under all-in rules, or, I should say, all-in under no rules, and without any referee, although a well-known referee was among the delighted onlookers.

BUT STILL A SMASHER. On the big first-floor landing at the top of the stairs stood Tommy Burns, now self-reformed from the active list and gentleman of independent means.

As Joe Beckett reached the top of the stairs, Tommy politely stepped forward with outstretched hand to extend greetings of welcome to his late opponent and conqueror.

Beckett ignored the outstretched hand and answered Burns in truly ungentlemanly language.

In a flash that landing was transformed into a private arena. Cool as an iceberg, Burns replied to Beckett in about five words.

The rest was all action. Burns had his man on that carpet squealing for mercy in a very few seconds.

He was certainly a champion at the all-in game. When Beckett had been carried to his bedroom, Burns said, "If I had known then what I know now, nothing on earth would have made me put my hand out at the Albert Hall."

If you imagined that Burns allowed himself to be put out by such a trifle as this, all I can say is that you did not know Tommy.

In due course came the announcement that Tommy Burns, the great Tommy Burns, was matched to fight Joe Beckett.

People rubbed their eyes and wondered whether they were quite awake or still in the land of dreams. The knowing ones just laughed, and were ready to bet that some poor mug of a new promoter was about to buy his experience at great expense to himself.

Some unduly inquisitive persons tried to find the promoter, but they could not see the wood for the trees. Burns was as dumb as an oyster is supposed to be, on this subject; but

★
O.K., you win your
Bet: Beckett did
meet Burns
★

he was always ready to talk at great length on how well he had preserved his youthful fitness for fighting at forty.

He certainly put in plenty of hard work in training. I went several times to his quarters and never once found him slack. In this connection I think he ought to be given due recognition for being the pioneer of music while you work.

He skipped, shadow-boxed and did all his work to the accompaniment of a gramophone—it was ragtime.

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To-day's extra Pin-Up—Ensa Star
Peggie Hughes



Ron Richards

Lots Behind a Noise

IN a model flat in a London suburb there is a series of rooms where they never hear the traffic or even the banshee wail of the sirens. They are the test chambers of the National Physical Laboratory, where scientists have been trying to find out the truth about noise.

The research makers have discovered that there's far more to a noise than its sound. When people say that noise wears them out or soft-pedals their appetite, they are merely qualifying the proved research work of the experts.

Experiments on successive generations of rats showed that continual violent noise retarded their growth by 10 per cent. and lessened food consumption by 5 per cent. Less stringent tests on typists have proved that uproar demands the expenditure of 20 per cent. more energy than quiet conditions, and lessens efficiency by 7 per cent.

Ten years ago we knew little of noise.

Medical science had discovered, of course, that the human ear-drum would vibrate some 50 times a second to a deep booming sound, or as much as 24,000 times a second before a high-pitched note passed out of audibility. But when Professor Langevin and others went hunting with a sound beam of high frequencies and discovered that it destroyed fish, as well as most of the small forms of sea life, we were treading the fringe of the unknown.

Now experiment has shown that when noise nears a vibration rate of 400,000 a second, it is nearing the vibration rate of heat. Two researchers, Dr. Flossdorf

Toni Slade Knows!

and Dr. Leslie Chambers, have demonstrated that intense sound can soft-boil an egg without raising the temperature. Sound can produce definite chemical changes. With shrill screechings, they have changed starch into sugar, cracked vegetable oils to produce acetylene gas, and transformed ethyl acetate into acetic acid.

Another noise researcher, Dr. Foster Kennedy, using a device to measure the actual increase of pressure on the brain, found that the bursting of a blown-up paper bag raised the pressure four times above normal—or higher than morphine, the most powerful drug commonly used for the purpose.

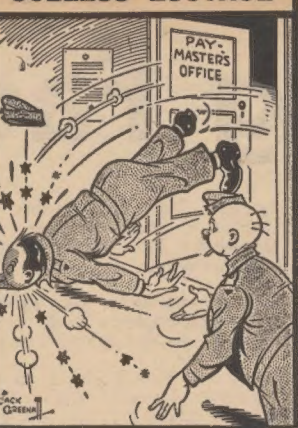
As for the nausea evoked in many people by the sound of the sirens, Dr. Pavlov, the doyen of Russian scientists, would have called it a matter of "conditioned reflexes." Warmth, as well as wind, explains why London's barrage is not always heard. "Sound travels faster in warm air than in cold, and the cooler the air, the more slowly a 'packet' of air hands on the energy of the sound waves.

Noise is passing from the borderland of mystery into the region of stern investigation. The effects of noise have been card-indexed. Yes, there's lots behind any noise—especially if it's a wife.

"Did you ever taste beer?" "I had a sip of it once," said the small servant. "Here's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swivel-ler. "She NEVER tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip!"

"The Old Curiosity Shop."
Love, thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death.
Richard Crashaw
(1612-1649).

USELESS EUSTACE



"—Am I right in presuming you didn't wangle a sub, Nobby?"

To-day's Brains Trust

AN eminent Judge, a well-known Writer on Sociology, a Minister of Religion, and a Schoolmaster, discuss:—

Is punishment a cure for crime?

Judge: "It depends entirely on the sort of punishment. If the question were to be answered by a categorical 'yes,' then that would mean that the more severe the punishment the more rapid the cure. This is certainly not the case. For a punishment to be effective it must above all be felt to be just.

"Unjust punishment may have a terrible effect on the mind of the criminal, and he may develop a permanent re-

sentment against his fellow beings which goads him to further crimes as soon as he is at liberty."

Writer: "The difficult question to settle is, what is a just punishment? I think one of the characteristics of a just punishment is that it is obviously reasonable.

"It is reasonable to shut a man up who persists in molesting his fellows, but it is unreasonable to burn his eyes out or take away his most treasured possessions. I think it is unreasonable to inflict bodily pain on him, or to make him live in squalid conditions while he is confined to prison.

"Unreasonable punishments make a casual criminal into a sworn enemy of society."

Schoolmaster: "All this may be true enough of the average person, but amongst boys one finds from time to time an individual who responds only to violent treatment.

"Although such treatment may be unreasonable, it has a salutary effect and definitely checks wrong-doing.

"It can, however, be rationalised in the boy's mind as the legal and natural consequence of his action, and therefore he keeps 'straight' for the same reason that a man walking a tight-rope keeps straight—through fear of the consequences of going crooked."

Minister: "Such punishment—corporal punishment—may keep him straight through fear of consequences, but it will surely not cure crime. When the consequences can be dodged the sole motive for going straight is removed, and you are no better off than before.

"When a criminal tendency appears to be inherent in the boy's make-up, there is no cure but the religious cure. But in most cases boys will respond more readily to kindness and understanding than to threats of violence."

Judge: "The subject of capital punishment has not been mentioned, though this is critical enough to throw light on the general question. Capital punishment for murder does, of course, cure crime in the person concerned, but it does not, as is commonly thought, cure crime in others on account of the example it sets.

"It makes murderers more cautious on that account, but it only definitely checks the crime of murder in so far as it is seen to be reasonable that a man who takes the life of another ought, in the nature of things, to forfeit his own. Its value lies in its reasonableness, not in its warning.

"Thus, when capital punishment was dealt to sheep-stealers and witches, it neither

checked sheep-stealing nor witchcraft, because it was unreasonable."

Writer: "I am all on the side of making punishments reasonable, nevertheless it does not do to lose sight of the fact that for reasonable punishments to be effective they must be employed to correct reasonable people. The activities of criminals often betray an absence of reason and a preponderance of impulsive cunning, and all such criminals should, I think, be treated as mental cases. They require treatment rather than punishment."

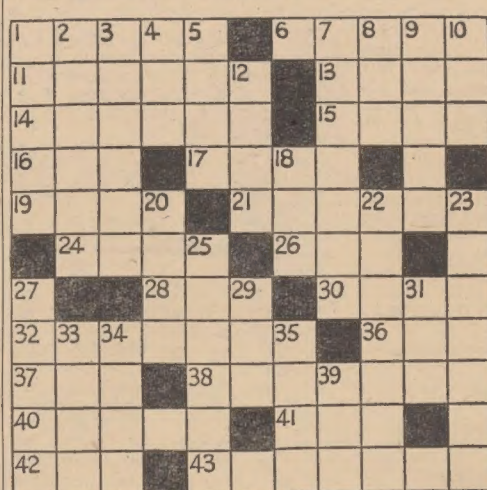
QUIZ for today

1. A motmot is a puzzle, word game, bird, lizard, wild flower, priest's skull-cap, Scottish snuff-box?
2. Who wrote (a) Emma, (b) Evelina?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Nelson, Drake, Raleigh, Marlborough, Effingham, Howard, Byng.
4. Where and when was the world's first oil well drilled?
5. What domestic animal is not mentioned in the Bible?
6. What are the first three Signs of the Zodiac?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Widgeon, Widdershins, Wierd, Wandertust, Wyvern, Wapentake, Wherabouts.
8. What is an apiarist?
9. Which is the female, the duck or the drake?
10. With whom do you associate the phrase, "And so to bed"?
11. Name five English rivers beginning with T.

Answers to Quiz in No. 383

1. Bird's nest.
2. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Walter Scott.
3. Captain Cook was a real person; others are fictitious.
4. Bobby Shaftoe.
5. The people of Troy.
6. Berkshire.
7. Forsooth, Farcical.
8. "What You Will."
9. Aurora.
10. Jaffa.
11. Shape of the earth.
12. (a) Josephine, (b) Mrs. Nesbit (a widow).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Sharp sound.
- 6 Eggs.
- 11 Detain longer.
- 13 Giant.
- 14 Grasping
- 15 Fertiliser.
- 16 Old length.
- 17 Lack.
- 19 Rank.
- 21 Brimming
- 24 Sort of jacket.
- 26 Except.
- 28 Graft.
- 30 Debt.
- 32 Impulse.
- 36 Kindled.
- 37 Tree.
- 38 Old dance.
- 40 Somerset town.
- 41 Go idly.
- 42 Tree.
- 43 Looks cross.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Bottle.
- 2 Boy's name.
- 3 Charm.
- 4 Vehicle.
- 5 Recognised.
- 7 Man of letters.
- 8 Past.
- 9 Indited.
- 10 Mashed fabric.
- 12 Dull.
- 18 Small lump.
- 20 Garment.
- 22 Introduction.
- 25 Hunting dogs.
- 26 Spice.
- 27 Moment.
- 29 Proper.
- 31 Tune.
- 33 Mud.
- 34 Front of ship.
- 35 Starch food.
- 39 Observed.

SLAP MUSCAT
HORACE PARE
AVID REASON
KEG MIX HUT
E HEATED N
NOTED MOODY
X LAPPED A
BAT MAT DIP
FLUDES WISP
GIBE TOOTLE
SCANTY EYED

WANGLING WORDS—330

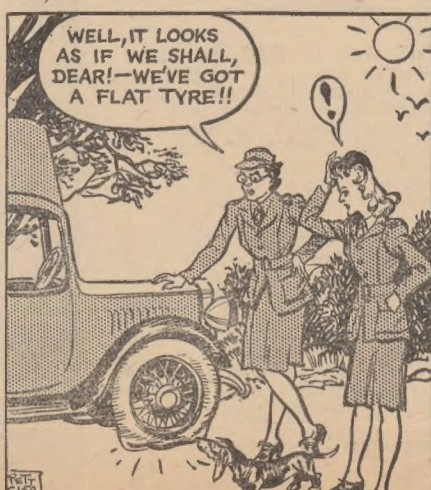
1. Put a shelter in DEION and make restraint.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het lal nigs kile tels dis-bier gins.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HEM into SEW and then back again into HEM, without using the same word twice.
4. Find a royal residence hidden in: Take these letters, Miss Curtis, and ring Hammond at once.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 329

1. RLunderS.
2. Come where the booze is cheaper.
3. HIDE, tide, time, tint, tent, feat, teak, leak, leek, SEEK, sees, sets, bets, beds, bids, bide, HIDE.
4. Oy-St-Er.

JANE

Love in the Park



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



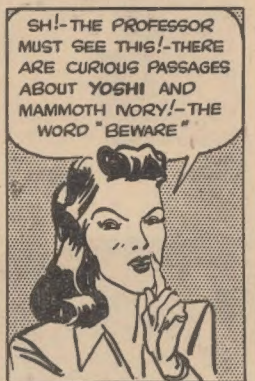
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Your helicopter waiting sir

By Colin Wells

"WILL post-war aviation really concern me?"

This is a question being asked by many people as they read news of post-war air discussions, and the answer is a most definite "Yes."

The war has taught aircraft designers and builders how to make first-class machines at the smallest possible cost, and with so many men and women, at the war's end, being able to fly aircraft, the demand for civil planes will be enormous.

In the United States they are planning to build, at a cost of £200, an "aerocar." Very light, easy to handle, and able to land and take-off from a confined space, this machine, in America alone, will be in very great demand.

Another company has drawn up plans for building an "aerocar" for £140! You can be sure, too, that British aircraft firms, who are still the best in the world, will not lose sight of the great "air-mindedness" of the man and woman in the street.

Because of the vast area covered by United States airlines, we have learnt much from their post-war preparations. In Manhattan, for instance, many of the large skyscrapers have decided to have helicopter airports built on their roofs, and it is believed that many other cities in the States will follow suit.

Architects in Britain, realising the popularity that the helicopter will have in the post-war world, have, in drawing up their ideas for our own post-war cities, made plans for dealing with what may develop quickly into a major traffic.

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SUBURBAN SERVICES.

We can look forward, when the enemy have been beaten, to suburban helicopter services. Run on lines similar to buses and trams today, these helicopters, at present in the experimental stage, will carry from ten to fourteen passengers. By alighting gently on the airports atop high buildings—or in confined areas in Britain—they will ease traffic congestion on the roads.

Recently, in Britain, to demonstrate the value of air travel, a Service football team travelled to the ground they were to play upon by air; at least, they parachuted to earth while the plane hovered above it. They had saved a train journey of several hours.

Speed is always the thing of first importance in civil travel, therefore it need not be taken too seriously when people talk of super airliners with luxury fittings, cinemas, card-rooms, luxury restaurants. All these are expected aboard liners when one has nothing to look at but open sea for many days. In the air, comfort will be provided—but who will need all these other things on short journeys?

The Americans who believe in the power of the helicopter for civil flying have developed for private use a machine known as the P.V.-2. Including the pilot, and enough fuel to fly for two hours, the kite weighs only 1,000 pounds—light compared with many small planes—and has a cruising speed of 85 miles an hour.

For short-distance work the helicopter will play a bigger part in the life of the ordinary citizen of Britain, more than the air-liner so popular in America, for distances covered in the States are far greater.

An "aerocar," built on helicopter lines, capable of carrying three to five passengers, and with a cruising speed of 70-140 m.p.h., will probably be THE thing when civil aviation comes within the range of the normal working man's pocket.

Capable of landing and taking-off in an area of twenty square feet, these helicopters would be practical in every way in Britain.

Able pilots could bring one of these machines down safely upon any ordinary lawn, and, to further demonstrate their value, an American test pilot recently flew a Bell helicopter inside a large armoury.

★

EASY TO HANDLE.

Illustrating to an amazed audience how easy the machine is to handle, the test pilot first taxied through an 18ft. door, then made the plane go backwards, sideways, aloft, and down. It looked very easy.

Then, to finish off his amazing display inside a building, the pilot showed how slowly the hovering plane could be brought down by placing it upon the designer's hand without even hurting him!

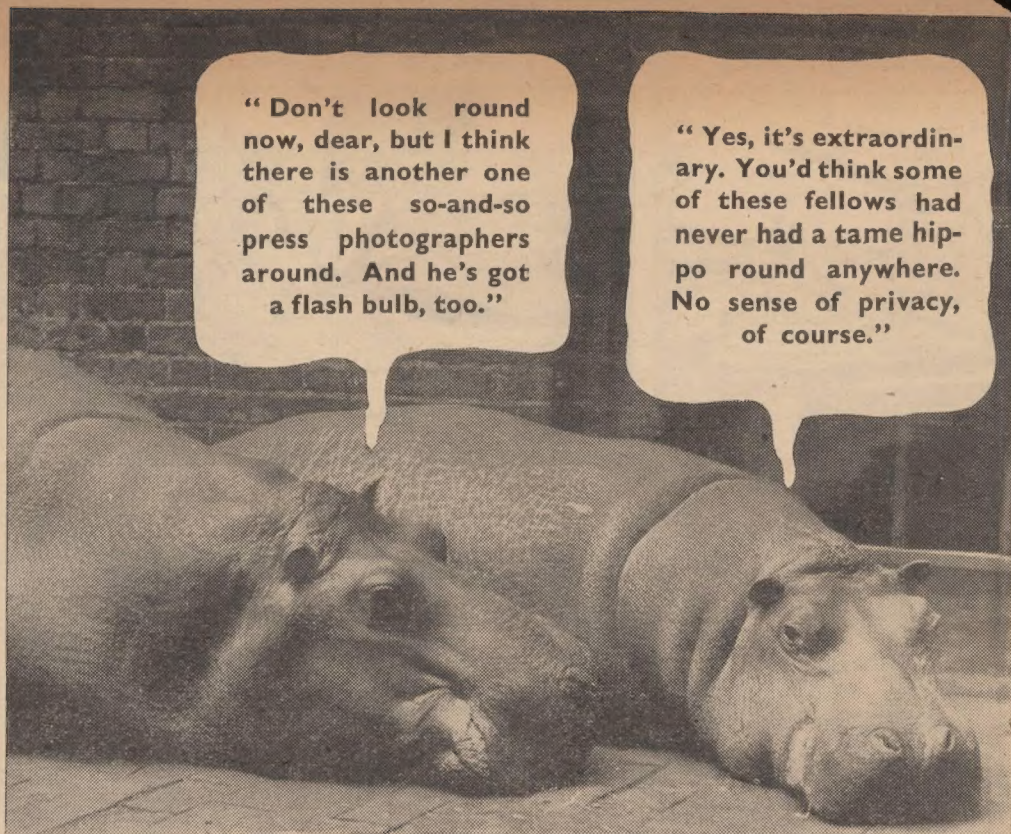
Commercial travellers, business officials, sports clubs and doctors may in Britain find the helicopter an invaluable friend. Just the same you will find family "aerocars" gradually develop—but air-liners in Britain, as we know them in America, will not be of very great use for internal communication. Always will the small plane prove best.

It's good to know that "John and Jane Citizen," when the war has been won, will have every chance to fly in their own little aerocar.

Good Morning

This England

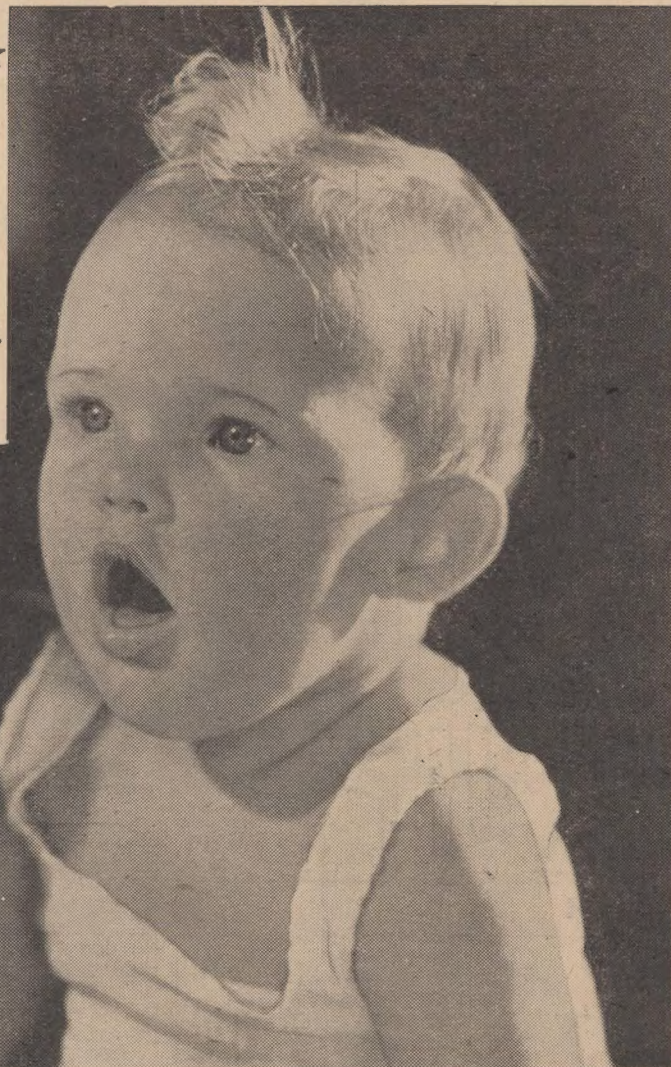
HOME BOUND. Coming up the Pool of London is the river barge, one of the breed of gallant little ships.



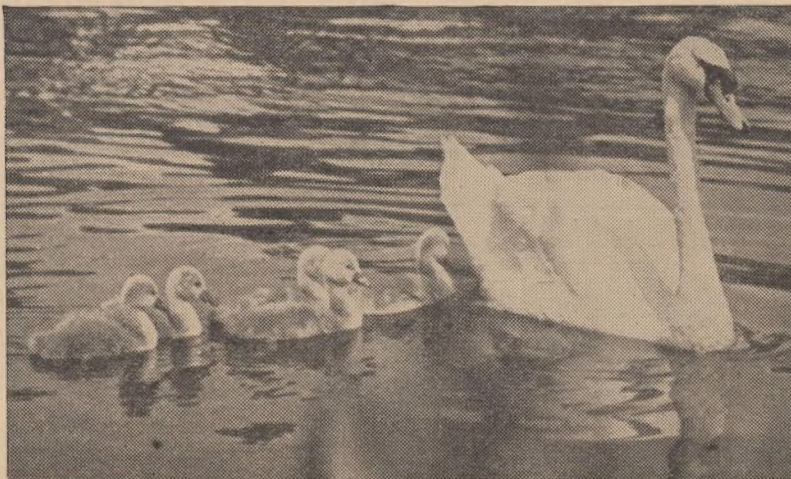
"Don't look round now, dear, but I think there is another one of these so-and-so press photographers around. And he's got a flash bulb, too."

"Yes, it's extraordinary. You'd think some of these fellows had never had a tame hippo round anywhere. No sense of privacy, of course."

"C'mon! C'mon! Can't you see, it's well past one o'clock, and I'm simply dying for that bottle."



This is what we used to do in peace-time. Now it's up in the morning early and a cold shower. Times have changed.



Here comes Mrs. S. with her quins. Charming little swanlets, aren't they?—Sorry, we meant cygnets.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"6 to 1—I'm off!"

